

My fellow countrymen

12p 50cm 10

The Fall (1844)

Self-consciousness.

Alas, sweet-souls, ye fell! but not-so low,
Ah, not-so low as we! Abashed are ye,
When God was all, a separate Self to see;
And, naked conscious souls, ingenuous
To hide yourselves for shame! Your fall's worst
Perpetual sense of I - inherit we:
Our child-souls quit their paradise to be
First in a fallen estate; that day they know
Themselves for entities, with passions, parts;
But oh, the difference! Ye who did dwell
In the light of God, see from what height ye fell,
And shun the recreant Self that filch'd your heart;
No gracious shame in ye; complacent thought
Or proud or pitiful is Ego brought!

Loves.

I.

Together drawn by God, & closer by with love,
 Off souls that else had little common ground
 In close community of life are bound:
 And sweet the care then for each other prove,
 And wise the thought that studies to remove
 All stumbling-blocks from paths together trod:
 Thus is it these souls from daily likes God,
 Through much forbearance thro' long suffering kind
 Through self-repression & the discipline
 That, born for others, brings the perfect mind.
 Yet not full easy to their feet these find
 The appointed way; - through loneliness they win,
 And hark my cry that some should comprehend,
 Gamblers, holy walk with Christ, their friend!

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II.

Natures there be of such true correspondence,
 As several pieces deeply "dove-tailed," they
 One fitted lock together; nor severance
 In purpose thought or will divides their way,-
 Henceforth one life, one heart. ^{surely} ^{must} ^{be} ^{so} ^{it} ^{is} ^{that} ^{heaven} ^{is} ^{this}!
 A heaven that of the Kingdom asks no bliss:
 What need have I of Thee? the secret-voice
 Of hearts that fear Who takes, & but rejoice
 In God the Giver! Ah, kind is the decree
 That sends the condemnation that ordains
 No mutual rest for these, but that they be
 Of the Divides severed, till remains
 No image-making Self: then - one in One -
 Their two-fold heart shall best His fulness prove

My last of Self. ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{unity} ^{of} ^{the} ^{spirit}
 Full of His love, the Name of Love.

In the Light.

How fair thou art, O soul! how still a grace
Mantles thy face!

What pure, cool chambers do thine eyes reveal!
Lure dwells in thee some luminous mystery?
As yon dull orb that yet so shines to thee,
I do but stand

In the Light.

What seest thou, O soul, where thou dost stand?

A shifting sand

Where vile things stir and live - pride, envy, strife,
Malice and anger, all that preys on love -
Lo, this within me doth the Light reprove!

Yet, fair I stand

In the Light.

O soul, poor soul, how bearest thou such sight?

How sad a plight!

Aye, sad, but there is help beside the pain;
Help in a word; I do but say to One,
'Lord, I am vile!' and lo, the ill is gone! -

Blameless I stand

In the Light.

22 p 53 cm 10
22 p 54 cm 10
Seest thou no more? I see a foe, who stands
With ^{red man} ~~terried~~ bands
Surrounding me, and from his hand each hour
A ~~poison~~ ^{is with} dart. Poor soul, how 'scapest thou?
One bears a shield: no death shall ~~he~~ allow
To reach who stand In the Light.

Thou whole cheer, poor soul, light-brings to thee?
Nay, One I see -
In heaven, in earth, but - One: none may rehearse
Nor any comprehend, save them who see.
The healing of the Vision: He shines on me -
Wherefore I stand In the Light!

Has any more to tell? I see the way,
The obvious way

My feet must tread mark'd out - all fair for me, n.
A path I never had found, nor finding, kept -
Save for the Day: in the past night I slept -
But now do walk
In the Light.

And more - I see all souls about - me shine:

In Light - Divine

Fair as they flow; the Light hath shined on all,
Though not all know; and, ah, this heart w^d thro^w
The arms of brotherhood round all, that so
~~the constant stand~~

Assured we

In the Light!

O soul, help me! I too would feel His beam,

But ah, I seem

Too vile to meet - the Day! Brothers, even now
He shines on thee: thy very fear doth prove
The darkness vanish'd; - who confess and love

Are they who stand

In the Light!

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On a face painted by Guido.

X
A face to stir
The painfullest pulses of a common nature,
Given as one strangely, utterly degraded
Wakens the sleeping brother in the breast
Of chance beholder. In that lower face
All downward drawings triumph; to purpose
Cur that mouth ne'er was set; for good or ill;
No effort to lead life to any issue
Has left its former lines: too poor a soul
To see the good, too slow a will to grasp—
The flesh, a strong man arm'd, has risen to rule!
But carry up your gaze.—The face is living!—
A life more obvious in its functions, quick
And vital than bodied being knows: the eye,
Transfixed with amazement, discerns a change,
The change of growth!—The old self passes forth
Still and unmark'd as dying night steals out—
Before the day, the face that erst so pained
Furnishes from the eye that would not heal,
That poor soul goes, & a new life, received

Down through her eyes so insatiate in their gaze,
Both quicken her! And O, with what-a power!
What depth of abnegation, height of praise,
Reach of discerning thought, adoring love,
What power to do or bear His utmost will
In suffering or in service, speaks in those eyes!

My Lady's Hand -

Let other covers tell of lips,
 Of eye-lids on ym rising,
 Unveiling eyes that gleam as stars -
 My Lady's hand will I sing!

So fair a hand, so white a hand,
 Yet scarier in this its beauty,
 So clear a hand, so deft a hand
 For all my Lady's duty!

Could it once do an awkwardness,
 I know 'twould fall a blushing!
 Methinks I see the dainty palm
 Round finger-tips, all flushing.

A busy hand my Lady owns,
 Bravely she saws and hammers,
 Thinks it half pity not to live
 By her own doughty labours!

The dons would call it psychical,
 This hand so soft and tender,
 With the fair, smooth, unmarrow'd palm,
 The fingers fine and slender,

And finger-tips right delicate,
 Long, taper, softly rounded:-
 Ah, such rare hands, they say, must-er
 To minds as rare be bounded.

Of feeling pure and grand, they tell,
 Will, simple, meet, unfeiter'd,
 And knowledge clear, to read off life
 As from a page fair-letter'd.

O worthy Dons! O wisest Dons!
 Say, have ye known my Lady?
 Ye, surely, at no other shrine
 This praise, all her due, paid ye!

But know ye all the nothing left
 That lodges in her fingers?

"The Kingdom of heaven is
within you:"

* * * * *

Zealous are we with jealousy unreasoning,
Over their joys:
For their pain, sadly bear
Unbidden loss.

With Him, in Him, - there all the promise ends,
Ourselves not Christ, do banish our sweet friend.

Such the divine kingdom where we seat our dead
Is of the world:
The heaven of Christ is ruled
By other laws.

Not-cumbersome change in circumstance & place,
But ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~vision~~ ^{vision} of His face.

Death opens not heaven's gate, for long ago
Lorn as the King
Lies in upon the soul
Did heaven begin:

A blessed state, a lifting up for ever,
Not some far seats when soul & body cover.

Two fuller consummations are there yet,
To this full bliss: -
Our holy Dead have reached
The second life:

When pure eyes see the King in beauty fresh,
And each service wears no clay of flesh.

12 p. 1 cm 10
"Ye shall go before your brethren and
help them, until the Lord have given
your brethren rest."

O the dear world, sweet life, congenial joys!
How give them up?
Though all be sin-depiled,
Where find we else

The promise we believe our longings hold,
What work for us in any other fold?

All bright may glow the joys of other spheres,
But this, our home!
And would we barter it
For any gain,

Poorer, less constant, had our substance grown:
Yes, in separate joy, were ^{these} ~~not~~ our own.

Continuance, sure, belongs to higher life;
All fickleness,
All change with death must pass,
And leave us true;

Not a new life, but utmost scope in this,
Perfected being here, ^{our} hope of bliss!
A life all hid and held in God; we free

In that mid life,
To work our will; our will,
The Will of God:
All thought divine, and all to action bent,
And every act-fulfilling its intent.

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22 pb2 cmc10
My dear Angel

O children, unto you I write -!
Not strong to overcome are ye,
Faithful to strive, not wise to flee;
But - your weak coming was in light -!
Ye see; though not your feeble thought
Can shape the knowledge Light has brought,
Yet - have ye known the Father long from wisdom hid.

An older breast - with pity swells
For babe in this rude world bereft -
Of parent - love - all desolate left -!
Uncareful, and at ease he dwells;
He knows, yet - knows not - that he knows,
A care that bears him as he goes, -
The Father he discerns & smiles all fear amid!
And children, unto you I write!
Ah, not the shining of his face
Nor enfolding of the Father's grace
Has kept - your garments wholly white.

22 p63 cmc10
Pon takes ye sin - for strong is ill
And small your might & weak your will -
So quick forgiveness fathers you to his embrace!

For not on you the burden lies:

A gracious cloud, a tender tear
Is all ye know of hireling fear,
Then into joy again ye rise:

Even while ye sin, are ye forgiven
For His Name's sake: wherefore in heaven
Your angels evermore behold your Father's face!

For ah, wise little ones, ye know
To take the Off'ring at the door,
Nor question aught - nor tell the score,
But enter, free as winds that blow!
Wherefore, O little ones, I write
That ye do keep you in the Light,
For loving must ye be, O Children of His grace!

12 p 62 cm 10
"These little ones"

I sat at my young son's feet;
Sat low by my sleeping boy,
Much pondering the high-born air he wore,
As of native claim on joy.

Sure not of his father or me
Was he made thus free of the earth;—
Ah, ~~were we at home~~ ^{could we walk free!} But life is stern—
Knows he a captives birth?

'Great is the mystery,' yea—
How little, O babe, art thou mine!
A halo surrounds and divides thee
Living Words about thee shine!

All faith and hid knowledge, thine—
My little one, how can it be?
When singest thou those perfect praises—
The Father, O where dost see?—

Thy Guardian waiteth ever
On the face of our God for light—
O little son, how high thy estate!
Thy mother alas, her plight!

12 p 65 cmo 10

11

I slept. As one bends to waken
A harp, so gave voice to my pain
The Angel in ward; Why thus troubled?
Thy boy's state, is't not all fair?

Yea! all my breath is thanksgiving,
This heart-lives in song for the grace;
Yet at moments a pang, is it - envy?
Comes with the light on his face.

So thine Angel-state were it - easy
So win fullest thought of the Lord;
Earth to us, is the wastage of storms; these
'Believe they on Me' His word!

If say, these simple, how search they
The mystery of things unseen?
By what wit-can they know to trust Him
Whose Name, scarce lips they sweeten.

May, Mother, thy heart - best - answer,
Is there any in that wide land
So utterly trusts thee and worships,
So keeps him in thine hand?

As the babe who not yet calls thee
 Nor knows any name for his joy?—
 Thus, serene in the hand of the King,
 The simple soul of thy boy!

So, to the child is revealed
 The love, the gay freedom and rest,
 The confidence, quiet, unspoken,
 Of them that lie in his breast.

Be no wiser than he, O Mother,
 Sit again at the feet of thy boy;
 Take as simply, as free, that is given—
 So faith shall rise crown'd with joy!

Waigh his estate and Thine: accustom'd he
 To tell sweet-courtesy no-age that obtains
 Where dwells the King. Nay, with thy utmost pains
~~What~~ canst produce ^{How} what shall full worthy be?
 One, greatest in the Kingdom is with thee
 Whose being yet waits on the Father's face
 And, thence replenish'd, flows with constant grace.
 Take fearful heed lest he despised be!
 Order thy prings softly, as before
 A Prince: nor let thee out unmannerly
 In thy rude moods and irritable: more
 Beware lest round him wind of words carve
 Refrain thee: see thy speech be sweet & rare:
 Thy ways, consider of: and thy countenance fair.

So

12 p 8 c m 10

A face, - and all the dreaminess
That fathers over-wonted ways
Has, sun-dispersed! - A happy heart
Cons quiet-thoughts of peace and praise.

It is enough: hope has no more! -
A long, sweet, breezy tract, that leads
No whither, draws full-willing feet,
And heart - that sings to-day, no heed
A morrow in its lay. What call
To plan and dream of distant good,
When all the bliss that yet may be
This gentle pleasure doth include, -

To look into thy friend's true eyes,
To know him larger than thou art:
And, in that freedom of the soul,
Thine all the weight of self to part?

Sweeter than love, for love would own,
Would measure, hold, with wreaths, confine!
But, oh, my friend, I love thee free
And would not bid thy life to mine!

Else were we one: a narrower joy,
 An ampler self, the dubious pain:
 More blest, two several lives have I
 Another being do attain!

And ah the rest! to quit the Self
 Whose weight doth so oppress our state,
 And breathe a changed mental air,
 At large, and as a child, elate!

To think with other, purer thoughts,
 To see with clearer, kinder eyes;
 In each day's cross perplexities
 To wait an outer judgment rise:

Of personal issues, cares, designs,
 To scape beyond the petty round;
 Find centre in another's sphere,
 In larger, sweeter interests bound:

From jarring of contrary minds,
 And sadden self of all within;
 From rivalries and meannesses,
 From questionings that are of sin;

To rest into the quiet-place
 of a serene holier soul,
 And lay the heart to rest therein,
 A stage towards the final goal!

Now full the heritage of thought-
 This heart, unworthy, entereth on!
 Thought that hath reach'd the Father's face
 Through meekest following of the Son!

Recd.

12871 cmc10

Growing secretly.

^{as whisper, mute, the dropping of a seed}
As whisper, mute, the dropping of a seed
I heard, and did rejoice:
How apt ^{the} word for my bewildered need
Thou heavenly Voice!

^{insight}
This one fit word of wisdom, how shall it
My way of evil clear!

May, worse: the sin doth grow: the help is not;
 Or is not to be found:
 Sure seed of highest-virtue can but rot,
 Lost in the ground!

Then I bethought me how in former days
 Like droppings I had heard;
 And how in vain I watch'd for fruit of praise
 To prove the Word!

Then is this comfort, grateful as brave June rain
 To trees whose hands hang down,
 But echo of desire? At the plain.
 I wept forlorn.

Have faith: saith One: thou heardest the coming,
 Till ripen'd in the ear,
 It ston'd for cutting: take thy sickle straight,
 Reap, then, no fear!

The harvest shall be thine; and thou shalt see:
 The growing of the seed
 Is hid: a secret thou shalt leave with me
 And trust thy speed!

Plainer, 'hard the measure,

Ungenial is the law,

That would ban life's tenderest pleasure! -

Nay, midst them never draw
On dream of service to reprove
Returning too measured for unorder'd love! -

Nor shall thy facile tongue
Love's sacred substance spend
On the sweet tale too frequent sung -

Thou question'st: 'to what end?'
Alas, young heart, vows seal the eyes!
And thou mayest pass some hill of sacrifice!

Wouldst know the worth and need
Of love thou crav'st to speak?
Appraise alone by dutious deed,
Or by refraining, meet. -
On further doubt; - dost lay out love
With merchant thought; return in kind to more?

Nay, but love thou in truth,
And not for any hope,
But fervently, in loyal sooth! -
Though deed should win no scope,
Yet hath he love's divinest part -
Who bears another's truth in his heart!

Payments.

22 p 75 cmc 10

Our thoughts are for him: his dear weal the end
Our cares pursue; wherein shall love offend,
Offenceless, love, that duty doth intend.

Recal, when sort of law convinced did rise
For baby-trespass to thy startled sight;
How, charmed, the well-transgressor sunk his eyes
Knowing beyond thy knowledge of the wrong,
And weck'neath thy chastisement: keep him
Under the Law as then, that, as he grows,
'Due followeth deed in course', the rule he knows
His times to interpret. And Law, compelled as then,
Nor drop some heedless trespass in his way
That, stumbling over, his weak knees shall fail,
Offence shall come; but do not then betray
His soul to sin. Yet: id. without the pale
Of love's sweet usage no banishment accord
For any sake! lest thou malign thy Lord.

A grove where birds, so freighted of their joy
 They scarce can fly, do sit and sing & sing
 Lab'ring and throbbing to tell out the whole,
 O Mother, is my heart! Now is the joy
 That my bliss comes to many, for the world
 Is full of mothers; - and again, sure!
 Am blessed amongst women! No not one
 Not even thou, my mother, comprehendest
 How heaven were drain'd were many cups so fill'd!

Thy joy may run for aye ere it exceed
 The measure of thy treasure.
 Thou hast gotten a man from the Lord.

Therein the grace! the glory! I put the babe
 Apart and say, 'A sinful woman, I,
 O Lord!' and then the new-born child the well
 Will know of one who knows the Father more
 Than I: but not in order darkness does
 My babe his mother leave: strangely brought in
 (Is it a grace to him?) the ~~glorifying~~ life
 Of the Kingdom breaks on me; an infinite
 Of love, rest & joy, and Father's care;
 + Holiness unto the Lord! the blessed air
 That souls do breathe therein. ~~is on~~
 On the face of every thought that will come

As the angels of God: ^{in spirit}
As friends they walk:
In this bond they know:
Heaven teaches us to love
By giving us our own, our birth and kin,
That these our ampler selves, from self might win,
And our own flesh us move.
But natures,
Of whose part it is
I emanate love
As suns do give forth light,
No bonds of birth unite,
And family life
Divides, yet one,
With its strong bands of flesh and blood,
Its sympathies of way and mood
That out it in,
A sphere, apart, complete,
Is yet a sweet
Remedial in its nature, brief in scope?

Wordsworth

12 p 78 cm 10

As, curious half & half in reverence, men
As hazy in that man's talk who knows a hero,
So Prophet of a Word express'd, we look
To thee & interpret. Thou knowest the thoughts
The sweetest thoughts of Nature's quiet moods,
Her homely ways, her sometimes riotous peaks,
Divinest has a soul that spreads o'er all
Her various features the dear human charm
Of countenance. Truly thou know'st her,
The spirit of the hills and of the vales
Of falling water & of swelling buds.
Others regard her from without; exclaim,
Lo, here! or there! behold was ever such;
Thou from within, read'st her by her content.

And we are glad to know of her from one
Thine intimate. No alien, prying but eyes
To see what he, her friend, points to our note;
And I did ever find talk with more ease
Of joy of all the good that in his friend
Is ⁱⁿ his eye is quiet in the light.
Of this secure, & thus he talks to us,
His face never wanders from the face he loves
And would you know how friends to talk of friends
Then listen! the world fall nature from his tongue
As he talks on of this and that she does
As looks or seems; man's mind he to tell.

Sept 79 emc 10

Right - that she is: it is enough, he knows,
And incommunicable is the joy!
Wherefore no raptures break the flow of his
Still ^{stream} stream of this; no ecstasies disturb.
He who but fuses the heart of his fair queen
Is transported, ^{on} voy along at each new ^{discovery} charm.
For him who knows her she has no surprise,
And not even to one height - his soul is pelted
Of sympathy transcending thought of praise!

That spectacle of curious interest
Admired, as prodigies esteemed, but not
Discerned - Alas, that but - as trees, walking
Men pass before this ^{it is} ^{the} life!
To see the life than quicken mountains.
But the glad last touch has long since come: he dead!

As they are varied-guides who most have met
 Mischance themselves, thy Mother's slips may yet
 Show thy feet; Daughter, places to etchew.
 Ah, sweet - the Mother-walk, but perilous!
 And flowers do ^{cheer} mask the progress hazardous,
 And ^{the} careless stepping comes to bitter rue!
 But sweet, my daughter, hast thou something to en
 A man from the Lord: thy joy hath wholesome pain
 Of diffidence: safety's ~~not~~ pledge for here,
 Dangers depart, assurance keeps in fear!
 Thy soul doth lie for heaven as April casts
 Waiting the fall of cornet; nor in vain -
 Who hath so placed thee to a blessed birth
 Will not his Wisdom's watering restrain!

*100d
 then keep thy soul
 and spirit
 and gas*

The Word - the express Image! -

Haply a man in his words unwittingly
 Casts his true image - talk & every day
 Reveals a lesser man than would the thoughts
 At home in the same breast; These are more just -
 More kindly, subject - temperate: And one cannot
 Depend with the world is that men judge ^{by} ~~comparisons~~
 Accept us by our words, which we do know
 Are to the intent unequal, less or more,
 In our case a fair measure. Yet - the world
 Has with her high authority; mayhap
 Has reason too: Her words ^{in spite} of us
 May best express us: For when the natural man
 Discloses, thought on parade, for conscience
 Or come on in undress, at sudden call?
 Him, he, approving half, proposes to himself,
 A man, exploring Self, finds in his thought:
 The world looks on & takes him ^{at his word} inadvertent.

In pains of hell
 yet pray, say will be done!
 The world will be done

"Thy cups my Father giveth" - then, poor soul -
I am thou! - couldst hold out hands to take the cup,
Thou meet the bitterness, couldst drink it up,
How saor' it with this knowledge! Alas, the whole
Is nauseous drop, envenoming the whole,
Is that thy cup sure hath in hell been brewed
So it with strife and all mistrust imbued
So dark and separate the black drops are;
For what to do with God has scorn of friends,
And variance born of meanings read amiss?
By the sick shame of him who forgets this,
Unworthy found, for whom love's reverence ends
As days go on? Love brimming to hold tears,
The cups then filled ^{thyself} ~~and~~ the devil stirs!

And did He choose Himself the easier part?
Oh, search His cup, tell out the drops that fill,
Loth how the Accusers go about to kill
Now men's reproach & scorn do break His heart,
And all His lovers leave! How shrink the smart-
glanced from Him, being God; his ^{very} pain
Like his was through the waiting eyes sent -
The cry of His dread Passion! Hear Him plain
Now they shoot out bold lips in their disdain!
Oh, Christ! that thou didst have the shot sent -
Love mine eternal thought! - What heavenly
In this satanic rout, whereby the Son
Discerns God's will? Then in worst shame was

Innocence is no problem

For him who thinks his soul a castle, fed
 + Wholly from without; a keep, whence brings he
 + Evil or good, as disciplined his will
 + Hath been, for life's affairs; But where he dwells
 Alone with himself, impregnable: as he,
 Not helped, nor let, doth make or mar himself,
 So is he innocent, unmade, unmarred,
 For habit of false thinking or ill deed
 Has fitted to his shape. But the poor man,
 The hunted soul, who has no innermost-
 Where Sin is not at home, who ~~lets~~ ^{tries} to escape,
 Who hates + yet inclines, + desperate
 Holdeth on Grace to save him from the thing
 + Is it himself? - that stops him; who has no place
 To abide; But when, of tears + cryings brought
 Into the place of peace there is the thing
 He ~~finds~~ ^{finds} thinking to remain, doth let him out
 To dwell at ease, sudden doth find himself
 In outer darkness, under other rule;
 Then, painful winneth yet again to know
 He was before, but not to abide; + filling
~~Again ever, but - bottomless his vessel!~~
 + For ever, a vessel bottomless! - the
 + Poor man! holds the innocence, that shines from
 The face of a little child, a myriads
 + The deepest of most precious, ~~dearest~~ ^{dearest} things
 + But that ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~known~~ ^{known}

12p28cm10
of evil lives sinners like them of yewy.—
But (save us Christ!) upon a day he comes
To maid or child or man, and having won
The thought to dalliance, ^{the soul's thing} shears the soul's thing.
Once seen, the phostly thing ne'er vanishes
But up and down goes with him as he goes.
Comments upon his lute, a dyed is left.
His elders his vision so men go, to him
As trees at thought or pain or purpose; fronts
Him in his bed, or in his dreams let be.

Behold the man who hath made an image
to him!

He calls it I - Yet how can I see I?

As Self project itself, that so itself
Shall, eye glass raised, determine critical
The composition of the piece? Alas a lie!
The graven image this whose priest he is.
Presence, contemplation, service, praise,
Hath worship more than these? & these to pay.

As decked in braveries unusual.

Mirroring & shy he goes in the early day.

12p85 cmc10

Has some hand, unparing, kind
Thee exposed, & shewn - behind
Vows of service, dreams of love -
Fastard, traitor, thou shouldst prove? -
Let not thy heart be troubled!

'Thou believ'st in God - alack!
Speeds His judgement on thy track?
Consciences, shamed, thy soul doth eternal
By 'cleaner eyes' to 'evil scan' it? -
Let not thy heart be troubled!

12 p 86 m c 10
Let not thy heart be troubled

Sick art thou with shame & pain
For thy friend hath sought in vain
Comfort of thy love - his part -
Undiscern'd of ^{that} slow of heart? -

Let not thy heart be troubled!

Sawst thou, blinded of thy pride,
Call for never care beside
So thou hadst thy due - while he
Comfortless met alone? -

Let not thy heart be troubled!

Hath sin, potent, found thee out?
Trembling, seest thou about
In his toils, - the dear, esteem'd,
Hopes thou hadst inviolate deem'd?

Let not thy heart be troubled!

Closer draws he - thou so weak -
Hidst his breath ^{up} on ^{thy} blanched cheek?
Is worst crime so angel nigh
Scared, thou doubtst, 'Is it I? -

Let not thy heart be troubled!

A Birthday Letter to Lizzie

My news is of a King - a King so sweet -
 That night - she place her low stool at His feet -
 And sit and watch His face the ^{long} day,
 'My happiest birthday this' at night she'd say.
 But this for wisest reasons, may not be;
 At least not yet. A mighty King is He
 And everything He wishes He can do,
 So 'tis His pleasure oft to visit you,
 And every little child whose name He knows.
 But that you may be in your week-day clothes
 And may behave as you do every day,
 And not for company your best display,
 He places His dear hand upon your eyes
 And holds them so - tho' things of shape and size
 You see quite well - you cannot tell when He
 Is standing by. And so your thoughts are free
 And He sees just what kind of child you are.

But - there is more to tell & better far:
 You know He is a King - but ah, not proud!
 His palace bright where many servants crowd
 He chooses for His dwelling: the least room
 The tiniest house that anywhere can be
 A little maiden's heart - is not too wee
 For Him to enter in & make His home.

You wonder that He can:—the King may come,
Because He is so mighty, where He will:
And if you watch for Him, ^{your thoughts will} ~~keep~~ quite still
You'll oft find some One good within your heart—
Who makes you care to choose the better part—
To be a gentle, thoughtful, loving child,
Not selfish, disobedient, cross or wild.
And when He comes, He makes you face to face
Your friends are glad, and say, 'The King is there!'

Heaven
Watch for Him. Lurey, when your thoughts are still.
How shall you know if Christ be in your heart?

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CME 1/1/17

I thought you knew I had
In question of it to me
before it was too late to
suggest that I should
write him some more
and I am sure that you
will be able to do so
and I am sure that you
will be able to do so
and I am sure that you
will be able to do so

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I

Together drawn of foot, & dower'd with love,
Oft-souls that else had little common ground
In close community of life are bound:
And sweet the care these for each other prove,
And wise the thought that studies to remove
All stumbling blocks from paths together trod:
Thus do these souls grow daily liker God,
Through much forbearance, thro' longsuffering kind,
Thro' self-repression, & the discipline
That: borne for others, gets the perfect mind.
Yet not full easy to their feet these find
Th' appointed way; - through loneliness they win,
And long'ring cry that some sh^d comprehend,
Familiar, holy walk with Christ, their Friend.

II

Natures more so of such sweet-correspondence,
 As several pieces deeply dove-tailed, they,
 Once fitted, lock together: nor severance
 In purpose, thought or will divides their way;
 One impulse stirs the twain. Sure, heaven is this!
 A heaven that of the Kingdom asks no bliss:
 What need have I of Thee? the secret voice
 Of hearts that hear who takes, & but rejoice
 In God the Giver. Ah, kind is the decree,
 Tender the condemnation that ordains
 No unworthy rest for these, but that they be
 Of the Divides severed, till remains
 No lust of self: then, sweetly knit, they prove
 Fullest of any souls, the Name of Love.

12p92 cmc10

Rebecca.

Worthy of later date, Rebecca, thou!
Of mind thou dost anticipate the march,
And yet may'st reckon followers in the Church!
With well-pleas'd acquiescence dost thou bow,
And, climbing to an equal height, allow
That Wisdom wise whose depths thou seem'st to search.
Nay, thou would'st fain thyself dispose the arch
Of God's high Providence: and yet avow, —
Arranging Circumstance with subtle skill,
As tho' the end discern'd, the means thereto
Were all included in thy narrow view, —
Thy one desire, his counsel to fulfil.
Not thus His will is done: they serve Him best
Who wait His motions — in His working, rest!